FRANK MILLER ★ DAVE GIBBONS

MARTHA WASHINGTON STRANDED IN SPACE

LEGEND

DARK HORSE COMICS

MARTHA IN SPACE

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$4.15 CAN

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Printed in Canada.

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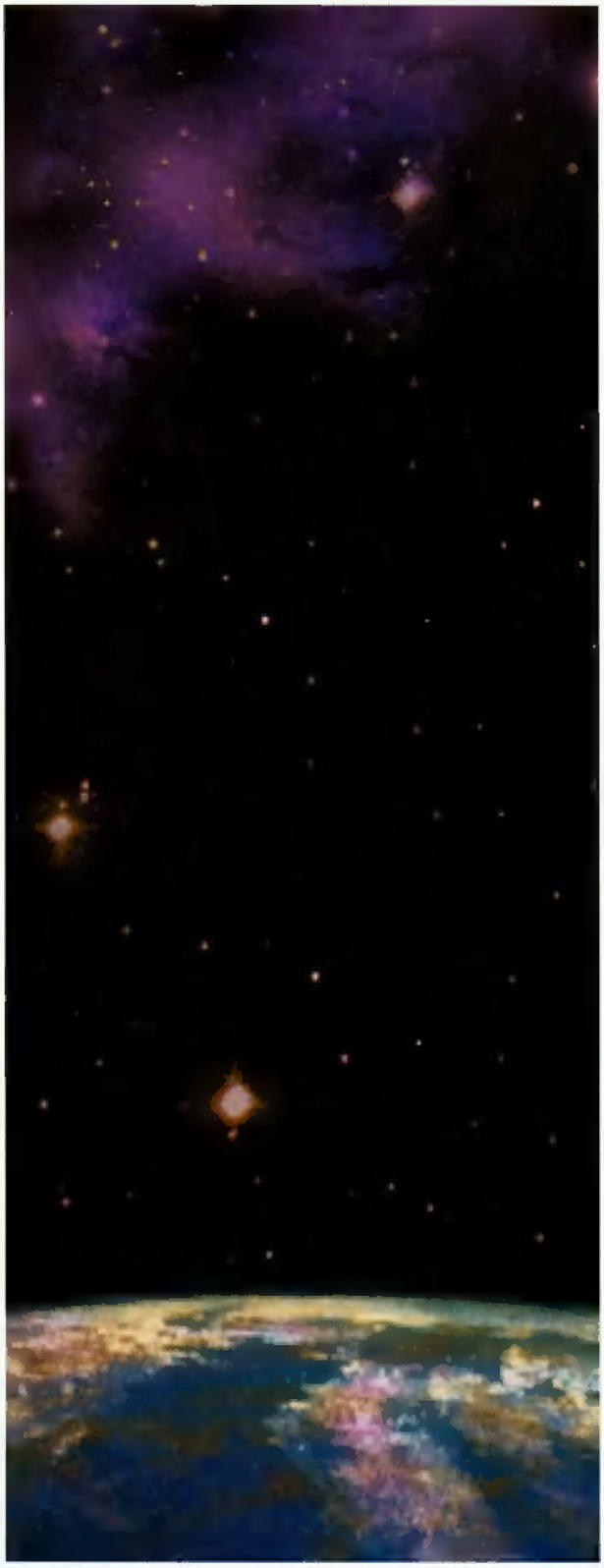
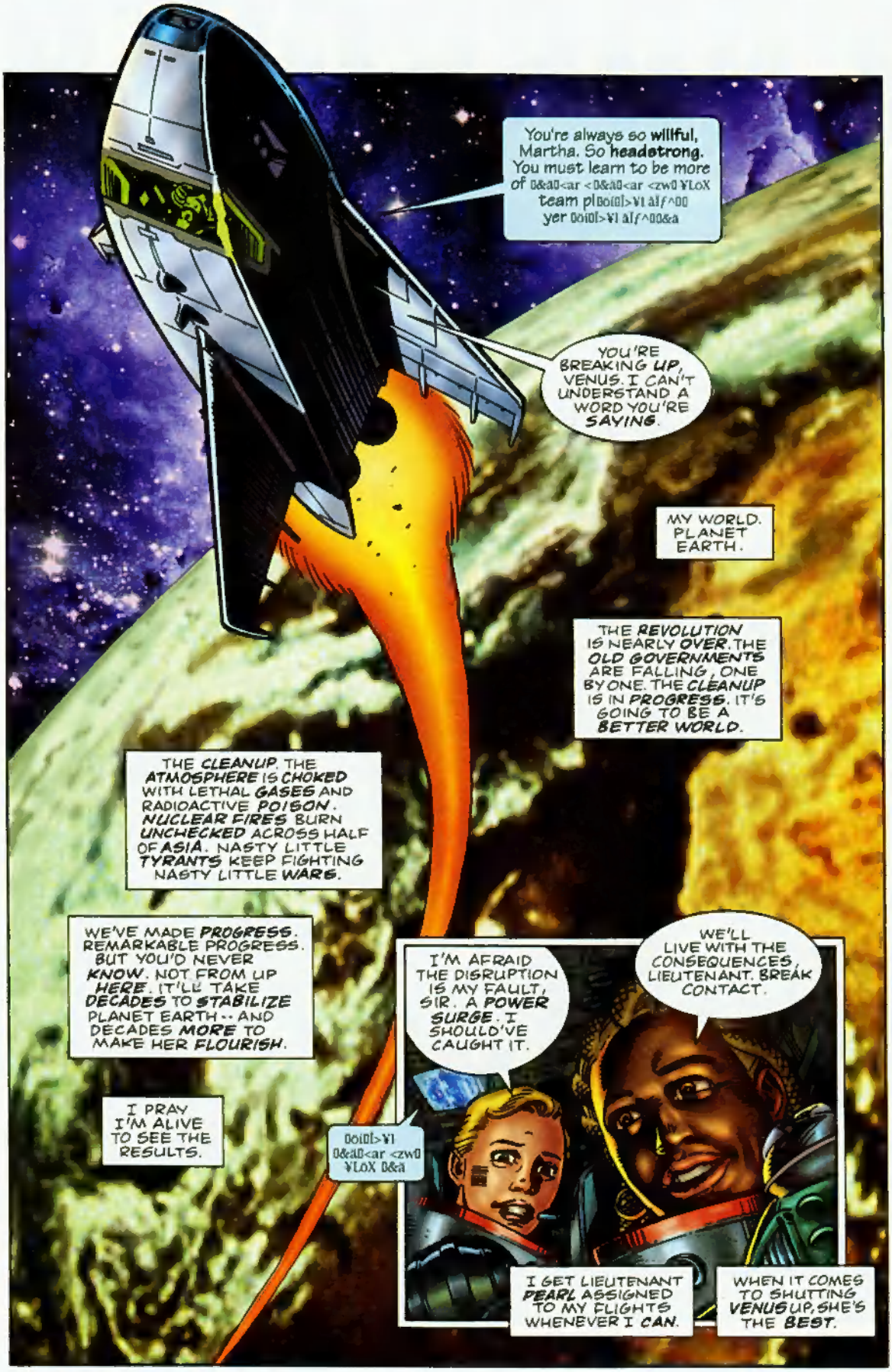
MARTHA WASHINGTON STRANDED IN SPACE



CROSSOVER

MARCH 30, 2016.
OUTER SPACE.
All systems secure. Breaking orbit. This would be a good time to re-establish **mindlink**, Captain Washington. I'll need all the data I can **get**.
Your **personal observations** are of great **importance** to our **common purpose**, Martha.
NOT JUST *YET*, VENUS. THE SENSORS WILL GIVE YOU *PLENTY*.
WE'RE *TWENTY MINUTES* FROM THE *ANOMALY*. I'LL LET YOU CRAWL INTO MY *BRAIN* WHEN WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR MY *OBSERVATIONS* TO *MEAN* A DAMN.
VENUS CAN'T *STAND* IT WHEN I KEEP HER OUT OF MY HEAD. BUT THERE ARE MOMENTS YOU WANT TO KEEP TO YOURSELF.
EVEN IF THE THOUGHTS YOU'RE HAVING ARE MOURNFUL AND SAD. THERE CAN BE SOMETHING PRECIOUS AND PRIVATE, EVEN ABOUT SAD THOUGHTS.
AND RIGHT NOW I'M LOOKING DOWN AT MY WORLD AND IT'S SAD TO SEE WHAT WE'VE DONE TO IT.

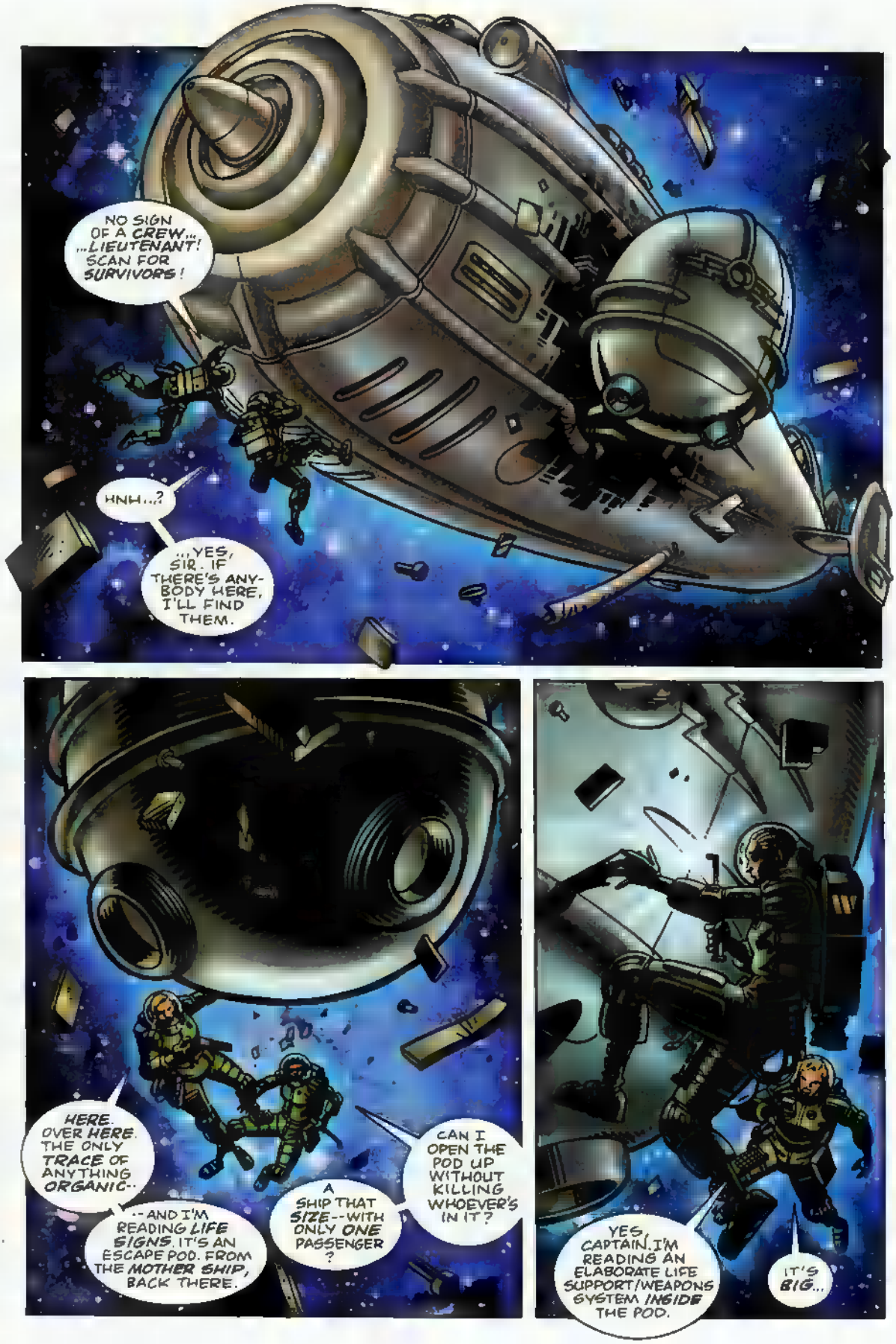

You're always so willful, Martha. So headstrong. You must learn to be more of 0&a0<ar <0&a0<ar <zw0 ¥LoX team pl0oi0[>¥1 aJf^00 yer 0oi0[>¥1 aJf^00&a
YOU'RE BREAKING UP, VENUS. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING.
MY WORLD. PLANET EARTH.
THE REVOLUTION IS NEARLY OVER. THE OLD GOVERNMENTS ARE FALLING, ONE BY ONE. THE CLEANUP IS IN PROGRESS. IT'S GOING TO BE A BETTER WORLD.
THE CLEANUP. THE ATMOSPHERE IS CHOKED WITH LETHAL GASES AND RADIOACTIVE POISON. NUCLEAR FIRES BURN UNCHECKED ACROSS HALF OF ASIA. NASTY LITTLE TYRANTS KEEP FIGHTING NASTY LITTLE WARS.
WE'VE MADE PROGRESS. REMARKABLE PROGRESS. BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW. NOT FROM UP HERE. IT'LL TAKE DECADES TO STABILIZE PLANET EARTH -- AND DECADES MORE TO MAKE HER FLOURISH.
I PRAY I'M ALIVE TO SEE THE RESULTS.
I'M AFRAID THE DISRUPTION IS MY FAULT, SIR. A POWER SURGE. I SHOULD'VE CAUGHT IT.
WE'LL LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES, LIEUTENANT. BREAK CONTACT.
0oi0[>¥1 0&a0<ar <zw0 ¥LoX 0&a
I GET LIEUTENANT PEARL ASSIGNED TO MY FLIGHTS WHENEVER I CAN.
WHEN IT COMES TO SHUTTING VENUS UP, SHE'S THE BEST.

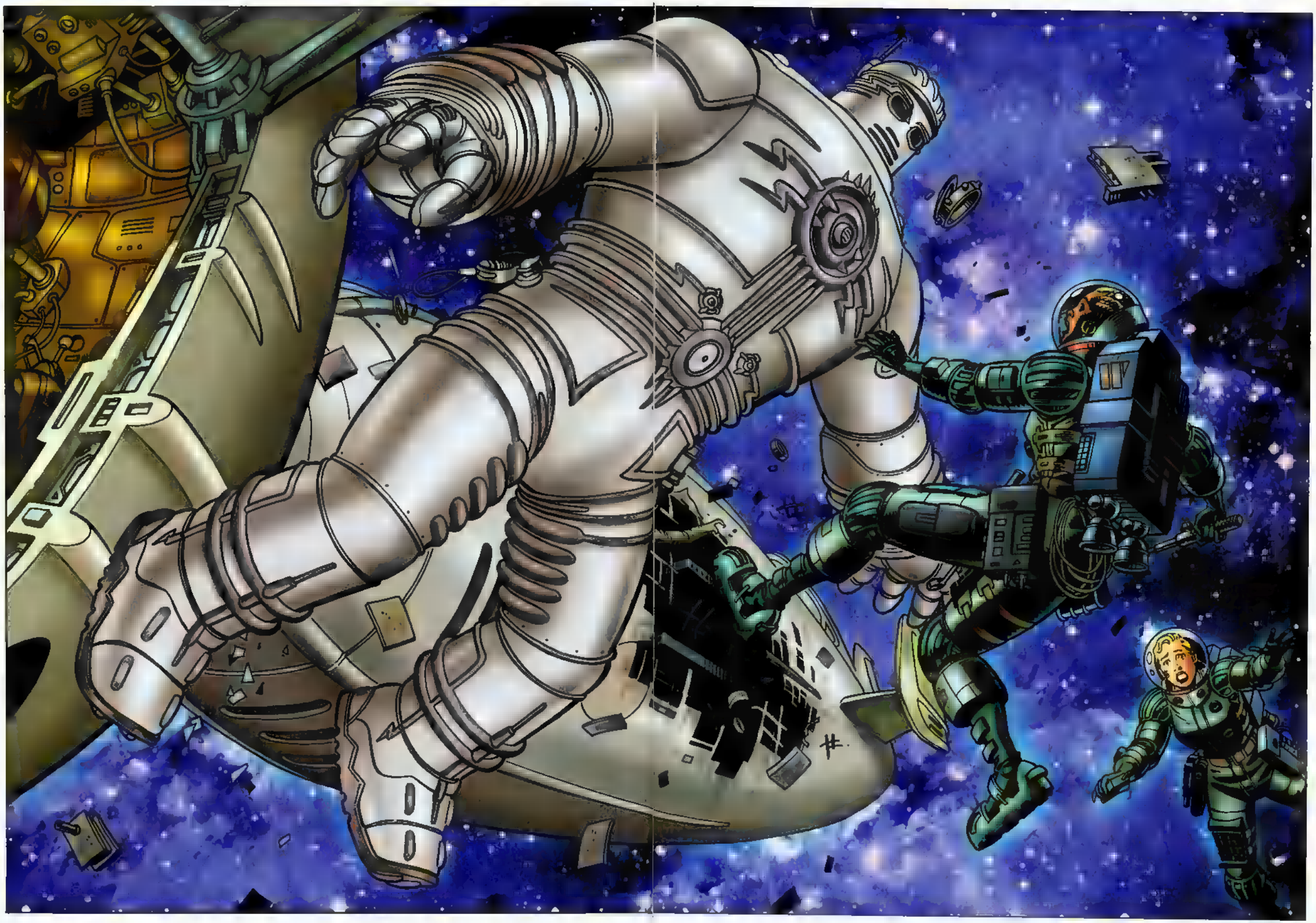
SHE'S THE ONLY VALKYRIE CLONE I EVER MET WHO WASN'T CRABBY.
SHE'S GOT A CRUSH ON ME, AND THAT'S SAD. BUT SHE NEVER LETS IT GET IN THE WAY OF THINGS.
CONTACT BROKEN, SIR. WE'RE AT THE PERIMETER OF THE ANOMALY. NO DETECTABLE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD. MILD RADIATION FLUX. NO EVIDENCE OF DANGER TO THE SHIP.
I'M TAKING US IN CLOSER. SENSORS AT MAX.
WE'RE RIGHT AT THE RIM OF THE THING, SIR. ANY CLOSER AND WE'RE INSIDE IT.
OKAY. I'M HITTING THE BRAKES.
THAT THING'S A HELL OF A LOT SMALLER THAN I WAS TOLD.
THE ANOMALY. IT CAUSED A PANIC AMONG THE EGG HEADS WHEN IT FIRST POPPED UP. THEY ALL THOUGHT IT WAS A BLACK HOLE THAT'D RIP EARTH APART.
BUT BLACK HOLES SUCK THINGS IN--AND ALL THE ANOMALY'S DONE IS COUGH UP A FEW BABY ASTEROIDS AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF AN OLD SATELLITE.
AN OLD AMERICAN SATELLITE THAT SHOULDN'T EVEN EXIST ANYMORE. FINDING THAT GOT THEM ALL SCRATCHING THEIR HEADS.
THE ANOMALY. IS IT A RIFT IN SPACE -- OR TIME -- OR SOMETHING ELSE? IS IT SOME KIND OF MENACE?
EVERYTHING WE'RE DOING TO SAVE THE PLANET -- IS ALL THAT GOING TO BE WASTED BY SOME WEIRD SPACE THING?

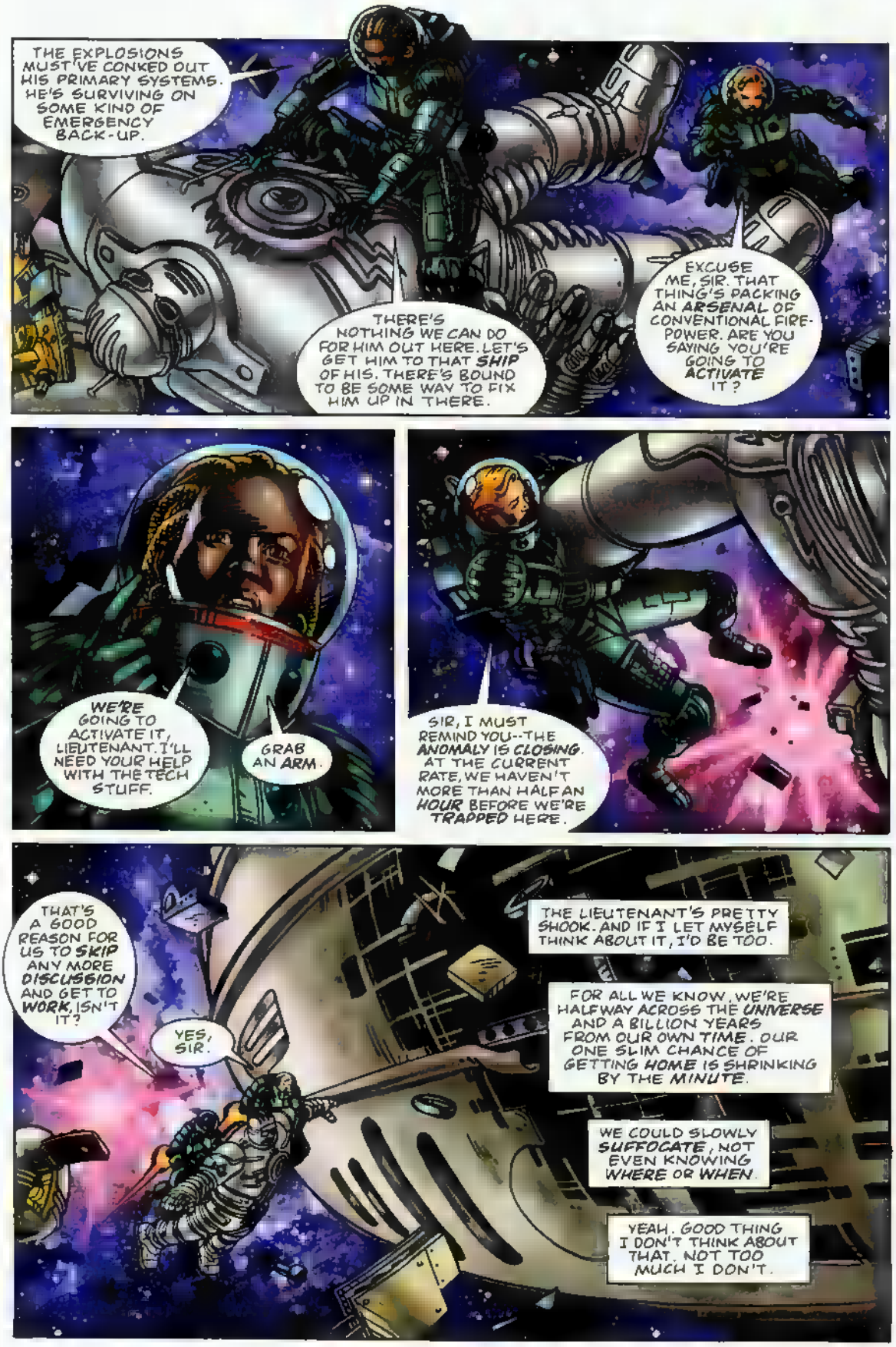
IT IS SMALLER, SIR. A WHOLE LOT SMALLER. IT'S SHRINKING. WE'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT WE CAN ABOUT IT BEFORE IT VANISHES.
SIR! I'M GETTING SOMETHING! FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ANOMALY! IT'S--I THINK IT'S A SHIP. ANOTHER SPACE CRAFT.
YES-- IT'S A SHIP ALL RIGHT. IT'S HUGE. NO DESIGN I'VE EVER SEEN...
SIR--IT'S FIRING SOMETHING AT US!
TARGET THE SOURCE. WE'LL GIVE THEM WHAT WE'VE GOT.
WHAT WE'VE GOT.
THIS IS NO COMBAT SHIP. ALL WE'RE PACKING IS A COUPLE OF DUMB LITTLE LOW-YIELD MINI-NUKES.
IF THE ENEMY'S GOT ANY KIND OF SHIELD, THEY'LL BARELY FEEL IT.
DIRECT HIT! YOU NAILED THEM!
INCOMING! HOLD ON!
I PUNCH IN AN EVASIVE COURSE AND PRAY TO GOD FOR MERCY.

IT'S FROM THE ENEMY SHIP. IT'S NOT A WEAPON. I'M GETTING A SIGNAL. IN ENGLISH.
LET'S HEAR IT.
Welcome, visitor! Greetings from Planet Earth!
Approach with no fear! We mean you no harm!
Welcome, visitor! Greetings from Planet Earth!
NOT A WEAPON. THEY WEREN'T FIRING A WEAPON. THEY WERE JUST SAYING HELLO. THEY'RE FRIENDLY-- AND WE...
SCAN THAT SHIP, LIEUTENANT. SEE IF WE HURT THEM.
THERE'S NOTHING TO SCAN, SIR. NO SIGNALS TO CATCH. NOTHING. ALL THEIR SYSTEMS ARE DOWN. THEY'RE DEAD IN SPACE.
Approach with no fear! We mean you no harm!
DEAD IN SPACE. THEY PUT DOWN A WELCOME MAT FOR US AND WE NUKE THEM. NO. IT'S NO GOOD.
THIS JUST BECAME A RESCUE MISSION, LIEUTENANT. WE'RE GOING IN.

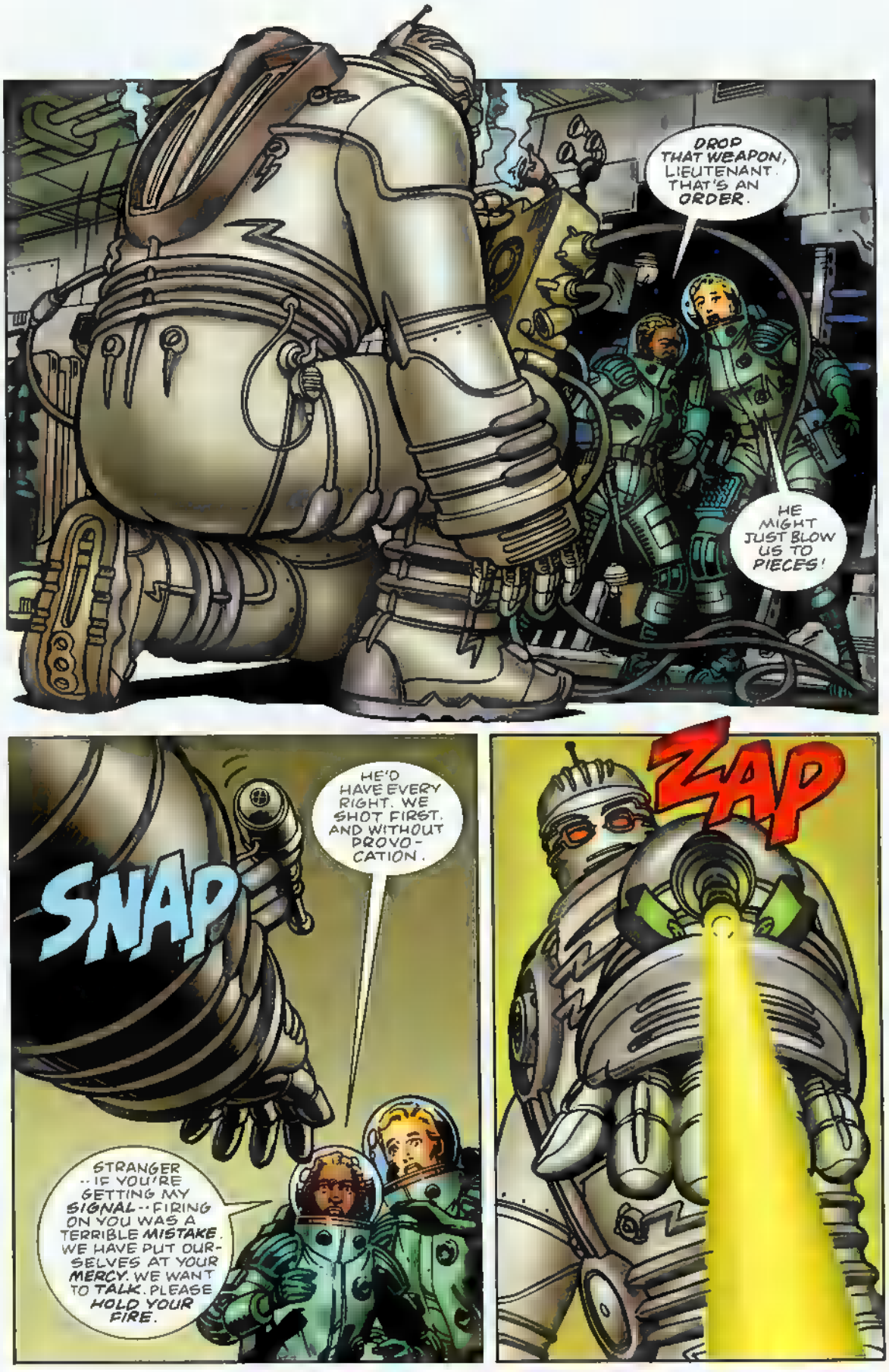
LIEUTENANT PEARL STARTS TO REMIND ME THAT WE DON'T HAVE AUTHORIZATION TO ENTER THE ANOMALY. THEN SHE SEES SOMETHING ON MY FACE AND GULPS AND SHUTS UP.
THEN SHE STARTS TO REMIND ME THAT THE ANOMALY IS SHRINKING AND WE PROBABLY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET BACK OUT. THAT'S IF THE ANOMALY DOESN'T RIP OUR SHIP TO PIECES AND SMEAR US LIKE BUTTER.
SHE GULPS AGAIN AND SUITS UP. I HIT THE THRUSTERS. WE GO IN.
SOMETHING SHAKES THE THOUGHTS OUT OF MY HEAD.
LIKE PORCELAIN, EVERYTHING SHATTERS.
DEEP COLD.
WHITE SILENCE.
THEN FIRE IN MY CHEST. MY OWN BREATH, LOUD, RAGGED.
PEARL MUMBLES IN HER SLEEP. SHE'S STILL ALIVE TOO.
WE'VE ARRIVED. BUT WHERE? WHEN?

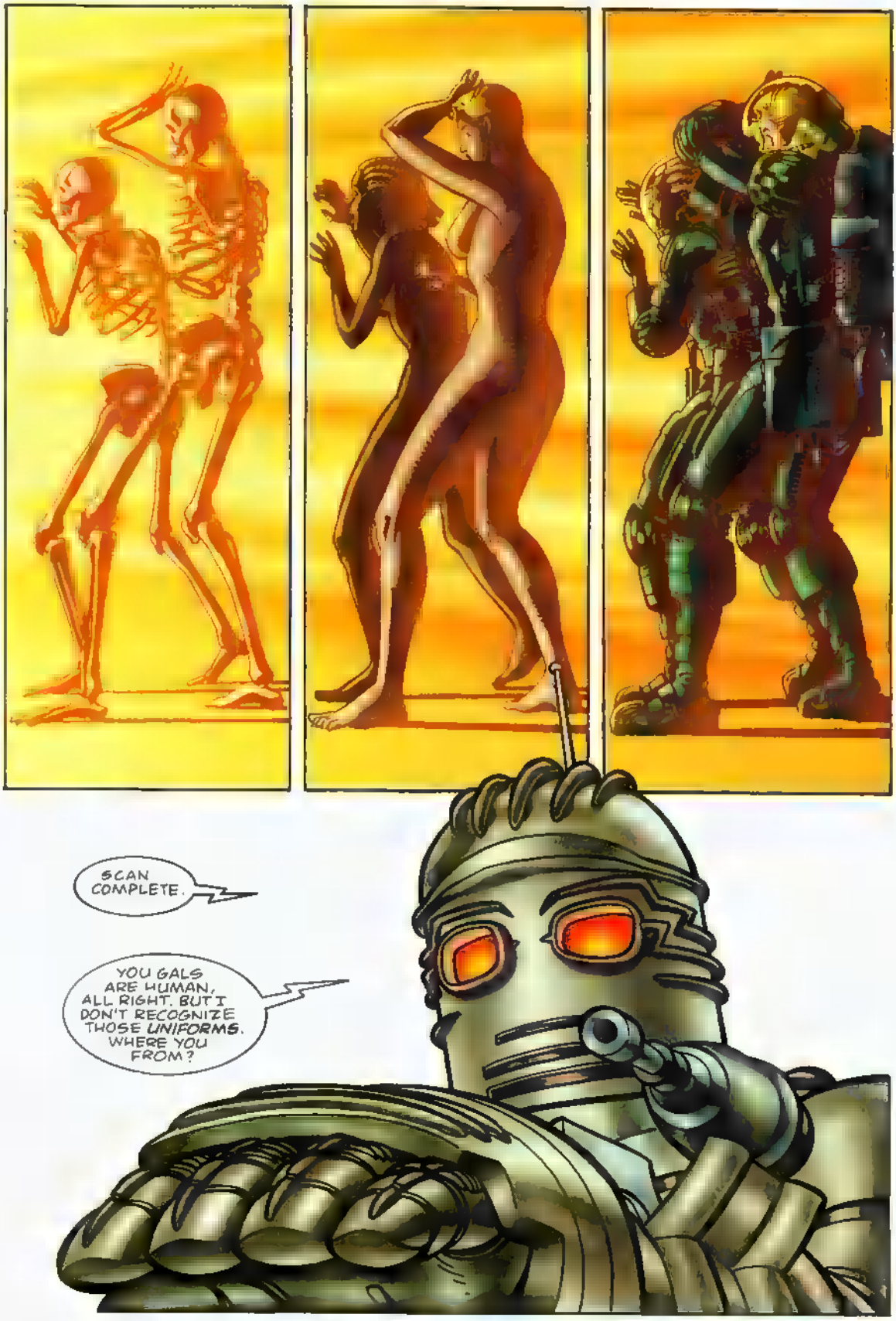

NO SIGN OF A CREW... ...LIEUTENANT! SCAN FOR SURVIVORS!
HNH...?
...YES, SIR. IF THERE'S ANYBODY HERE, I'LL FIND THEM.
HERE. OVER HERE. THE ONLY TRACE OF ANYTHING ORGANIC..
--AND I'M READING LIFE SIGNS. IT'S AN ESCAPE POD. FROM THE MOTHER SHIP, BACK THERE.
A SHIP THAT SIZE--WITH ONLY ONE PASSENGER ?
CAN I OPEN THE POD UP WITHOUT KILLING WHOEVER'S IN IT?
YES, CAPTAIN. I'M READING AN ELABORATE LIFE SUPPORT/WEAPONS SYSTEM INSIDE THE POD.
IT'S BIG...




THE EXPLOSIONS MUST'VE CONKED OUT HIS PRIMARY SYSTEMS. HE'S SURVIVING ON SOME KIND OF EMERGENCY BACK-UP.
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM OUT HERE. LET'S GET HIM TO THAT SHIP OF HIS. THERE'S BOUND TO BE SOME WAY TO FIX HIM UP IN THERE.
EXCUSE ME, SIR. THAT THING'S PACKING AN ARSENAL OF CONVENTIONAL FIRE-POWER. ARE YOU SAYING YOU'RE GOING TO ACTIVATE IT?
WE'RE GOING TO ACTIVATE IT, LIEUTENANT. I'LL NEED YOUR HELP WITH THE TECH STUFF.
GRAB AN ARM.
SIR, I MUST REMIND YOU--THE ANOMALY IS CLOSING. AT THE CURRENT RATE, WE HAVEN'T MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED HERE.
THAT'S A GOOD REASON FOR US TO SKIP ANY MORE DISCUSSION AND GET TO WORK, ISN'T IT?
YES, SIR.
THE LIEUTENANT'S PRETTY SHOOK. AND IF I LET MYSELF THINK ABOUT IT, I'D BE TOO.
FOR ALL WE KNOW, WE'RE HALFWAY ACROSS THE UNIVERSE AND A BILLION YEARS FROM OUR OWN TIME. OUR ONE SLIM CHANCE OF GETTING HOME IS SHRINKING BY THE MINUTE.
WE COULD SLOWLY SUFFOCATE, NOT EVEN KNOWING WHERE OR WHEN.
YEAH. GOOD THING I DON'T THINK ABOUT THAT. NOT TOO MUCH I DON'T.

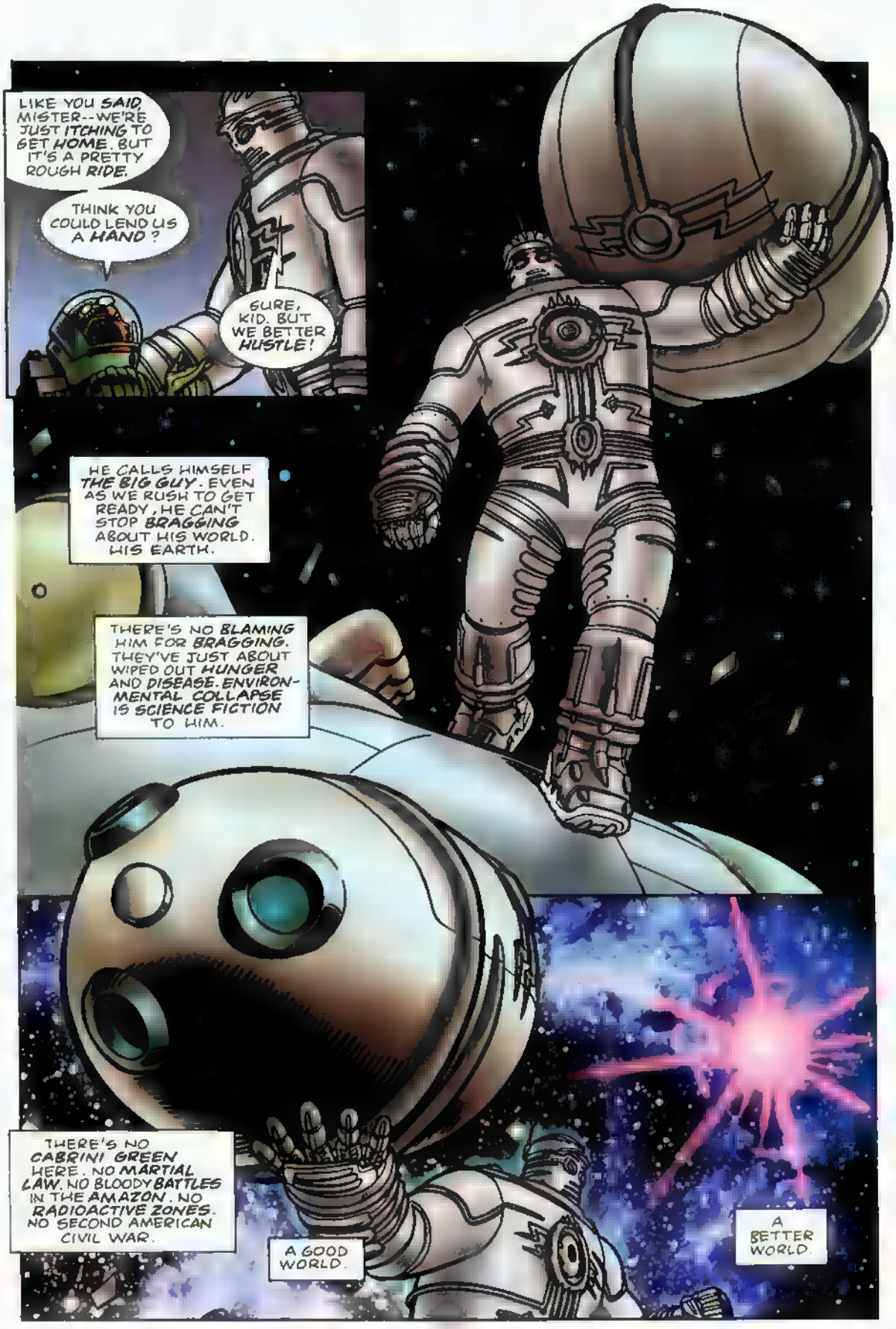
MINUTES. IT TAKES FIVE OR SIX OF THEM FOR LIEUTENANT PEARL TO FIGURE OUT HOW EVERYTHING WORKS AND KICK ON THE SHIP'S EMERGENCY POWER.
MINUTES. IT ONLY FEELS LIKE AN HOUR.
THIS TECHNOLOGY IS FAMILIAR--WELL, ALMOST FAMILIAR. IT'S PRE-FUSION NUCLEAR POWER, ADVANCED DECADES PAST THE STAGE WE ABANDONED IT.
IT'S LIKE HISTORY TOOK A DIFFERENT COURSE. WE AREN'T JUST DISPLACED IN SPACE AND TIME, CAPTAIN. WE'RE IN ANOTHER PROBABILITY. ANOTHER DIMENSION.
GREAT. WE'VE DROPPED IN ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S UNIVERSE. LET'S KEEP OUR LITTLE VISIT SHORT.
READY TO RECHARGE THE BIG MAN'S BATTERIES?
YES, SIR. BUT IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A FEW MOMENTS MORE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO ISOLATE HIS MOTOR SYSTEMS AND LEAVE HIS WEAPONS OUT OF COMMISSION. THEN HE COULDN'T FIRE ON US.
JUST A SUGGESTION.
SUGGESTION NOTED--AND DISMISSED.
HIT IT.

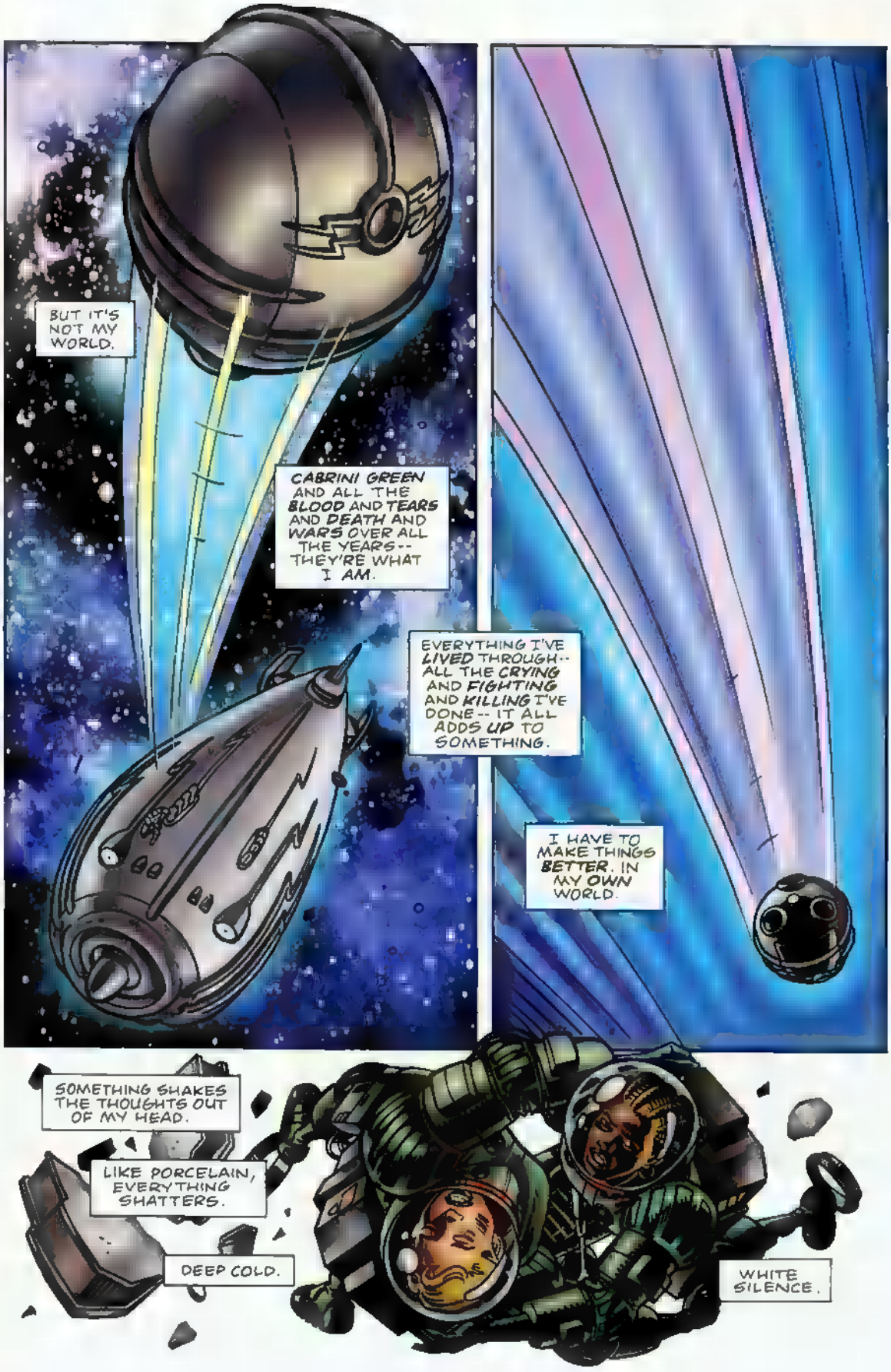

DROP THAT WEAPON, LIEUTENANT. THAT'S AN ORDER.
HE MIGHT JUST BLOW US TO PIECES!
SNAP
HE'D HAVE EVERY RIGHT. WE SHOT FIRST. AND WITHOUT PROVOCATION.
STRANGER -- IF YOU'RE GETTING MY SIGNAL -- FIRING ON YOU WAS A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. WE HAVE PUT OURSELVES AT YOUR MERCY. WE WANT TO TALK. PLEASE HOLD YOUR FIRE.
ZAP


SCAN COMPLETE.
YOU GALS ARE HUMAN, ALL RIGHT. BUT I DON'T RECOGNIZE THOSE UNIFORMS. WHERE YOU FROM?

WE'RE FROM ANOTHER PROBABILITY. THE ANOMALY -- IT'S SOME SORT OF HOLE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS.
WE THOUGHT YOUR PROBE WAS A WEAPON. WE DEEPLY REGRET THE HARM WE'VE DONE.
MUCH AS I HATE SEEING TAXPAYER DOLLARS GO TO WASTE, I GUESS I OUGHTTA FORGIVE IT. EVERYBODY GOOFS UP SOMETIMES. AT LEAST NOBODY GOT KILLED.
I'LL BET YOU'RE JUST ITCHING TO GET BACK HOME. AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT ANOMALY, YOU'RE PRETTY DARN SHORT ON TIME --
-- BUT I'M JUST BUSTING TO SHOW YOU MY WORLD.
I'M DARN PROUD OF OLD PLANET EARTH, AND I DON'T MIND ADMITTING IT. SURE, WE'VE GOT OUR PROBLEMS...
A FEW GENETIC ACCIDENTS HERE AND THERE, AND THERE'S STILL A WAR OR TWO NOW AND THEN -- BUT MOSTLY, WE ALL GET ALONG PRETTY WELL.
THE AIR'S CLEAN AND THERE'S A MILLION PLACES WHERE YOU CAN SEE A DAWN SO BEAUTIFUL IT'LL MAKE YOU WANT TO CRY.

IT'S A GOOD WORLD.
A BETTER WORLD...
A MILLION PLACES WHERE YOU CAN SEE A DAWN SO BEAUTIFUL IT'LL MAKE YOU WANT TO CRY.
EVERYTHING WE'RE WORKING TOWARD. EVERYTHING WE'RE HOPING FOR. EVERYTHING WE'RE WAITING DECADES FOR.
RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW.
I COULD HAVE ALL THIS. EVERYTHING WE'RE KILLING OURSELVES TO GET. AND I COULD HAVE IT ALL, RIGHT HERE AND RIGHT NOW.
I CAN FEEL LIEUTENANT PEARL'S GLARE LIKE A PAIR OF LASER BEAMS BURNING INTO MY BACK. SHE'S THINKING THE SAME THING I AM.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS NOTHING. JUST STAND RIGHT HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES AND LOOK AT PLANET EARTH THE WAY SHE OUGHT TO BE--THE WAY SHE IS, HERE--AND LET THE ANOMALY CLOSE ITSELF UP.
AND LEAVE OUR SICK, OLD WORLD BEHIND.


LIKE YOU SAID, MISTER--WE'RE JUST ITCHING TO GET HOME. BUT IT'S A PRETTY ROUGH RIDE.
THINK YOU COULD LEND US A HAND?
SURE, KID. BUT WE BETTER HUSTLE!
HE CALLS HIMSELF THE BIG GUY. EVEN AS WE RUSH TO GET READY, HE CAN'T STOP BRAGGING ABOUT HIS WORLD. HIS EARTH.
THERE'S NO BLAMING HIM FOR BRAGGING. THEY'VE JUST ABOUT WIPED OUT HUNGER AND DISEASE. ENVIRONMENTAL COLLAPSE IS SCIENCE FICTION TO HIM.
THERE'S NO CABRINI GREEN HERE. NO MARTIAL LAW. NO BLOODY BATTLES IN THE AMAZON. NO RADIOACTIVE ZONES. NO SECOND AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.
A GOOD WORLD.
A BETTER WORLD.


BUT IT'S NOT MY WORLD.
CABRINI GREEN AND ALL THE BLOOD AND TEARS AND DEATH AND WARS OVER ALL THE YEARS -- THEY'RE WHAT I AM.
EVERYTHING I'VE LIVED THROUGH -- ALL THE CRYING AND FIGHTING AND KILLING I'VE DONE -- IT ALL ADDS UP TO SOMETHING.
I HAVE TO MAKE THINGS BETTER. IN MY OWN WORLD.
SOMETHING SHAKES THE THOUGHTS OUT OF MY HEAD.
LIKE PORCELAIN, EVERYTHING SHATTERS.
DEEP COLD.
WHITE SILENCE.

MY OWN BREATH, RAGGED.
PEARL SNORES, THIS TIME.
I SWITCH ON MY BEACON AND HOPE TO HELL THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR US. WITHIN A MINUTE VENUS POPS ON, ANGRY AS A PIECE OF SOFTWARE CAN GET
THE ANOMALY FIZZLES OUT LIKE A HAPPY DREAM YOU LOSE WHEN YOU WAKE UP.
SO LONG, BIG GUY, GOOD TO MEET YOU.

THE END.

ATTACK OF THE FLESH-EATING MONSTERS
A MARTHA WASHINGTON ADVENTURE by MILLER and GIBBONS
STRANDED IN SPACE. OUR SHIP DESTROYED. LISTENING TO THE LITTLE ELECTRIC BEEPS THAT TELL US WE'RE JUST A FEW BREATHS AWAY FROM SUFFOCATING. WAITING AND PRAYING FOR A RESCUE SHIP.
LOSING ALL CONTACT WITH HOME IN A BURST OF STATIC. WATCHING LIGHTS APPROACH AND WONDERING IF WE'RE HALLUCINATING BECAUSE EVERYTHING ABOUT WHAT'S COMING AT US LOOKS ALL WRONG.
OUT OF TIME. OUT OF BREATH. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO AND WE BOTH KNOW IT.
GET ME A READING ON THOSE THINGS, LIEUTENANT.
I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SIR. ALL SYSTEMS ARE JAMMED.

DON'T RESIST. WHATEVER THE DEVIL IT IS THAT'S GOT US--WEIRD AND BAD AS IT LOOKS--
--IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.
"YES, SIR," SAYS LIEUTENANT PEARL, HER VOICE DRY, FIGHTING THE FEAR.
OUR ONLY CHANCE--FOR A FEW MORE BREATHS--FOR SOME SLIM HOPE OF STAYING ALIVE.
NO SHIP ON EARTH LOOKS LIKE THESE THINGS. IT MAKES NO SENSE--
--UNLESS THEY'RE NOT FROM EARTH. THE THOUGHT IS WILD, CRAZY. I CHASE IT AWAY.
NO AIR AT ALL, NOW. NOT A SOUND FROM LIEUTENANT PEARL.
MY HEAD GOES LIGHT.

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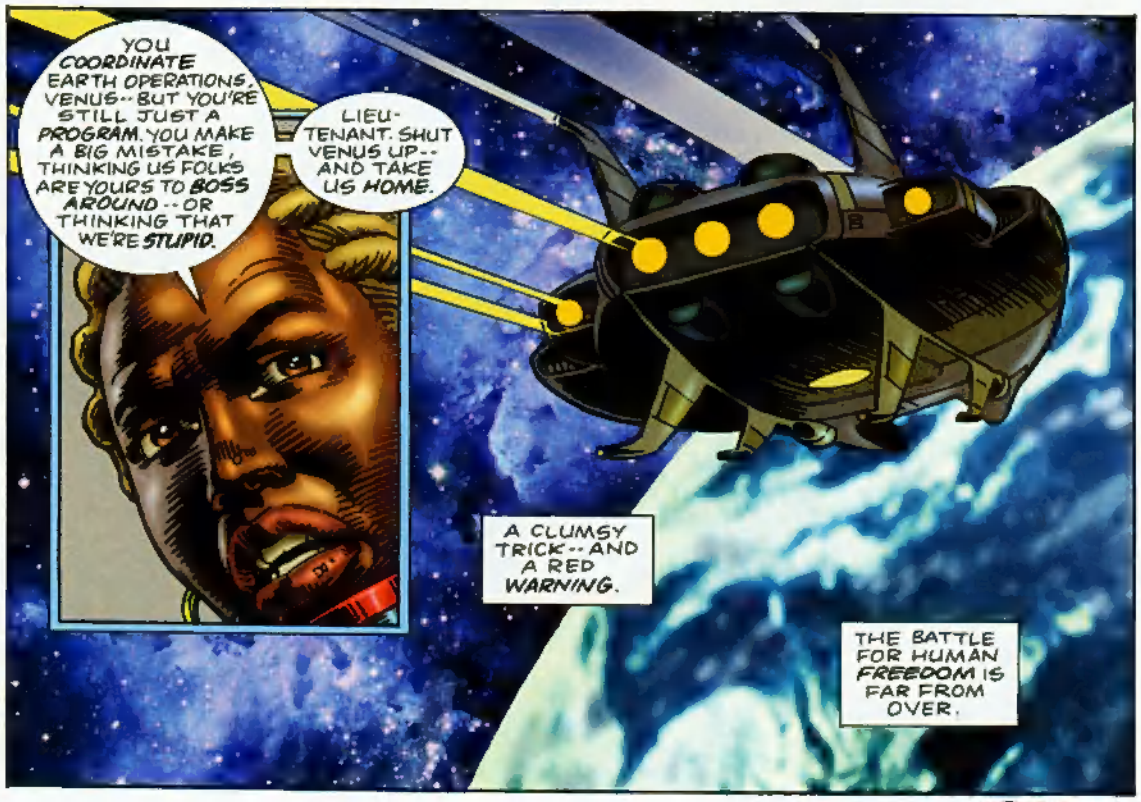
Δ+□
I HAVE ACTIVATED MIND CONTACT, EARTH MAMMALS. IT AMUSES ME THAT YOU SHALL KNOW YOUR FATE FOR WHAT IT IS.
ACROSS CENTURIES AND GALAXIES WE HAVE TRAVELED, OUR MIGHTY FLEET. RELENTLESS. EVER LUSTFUL. RAVENOUS. INSATIABLE...
...ALL TO FIND CREATURES SUCH AS YOU. FULL OF SOFT MEAT AND RED BLOOD.
YOU LOOK DELICIOUS.

KOFF
KOFF
YOUR TIME IS DONE. YOUR FATE IS SEALED.
YOUR WORLD IS DOOMED.
YOUR SPECIES IS PUNY. AT WAR WITH ITSELF. IN CHAOS. RIPE FOR HARVEST.
WE SHALL REDUCE YOUR CITIES TO RUBBLE.
YOU WILL BE SUBJUGATED --ENSLAVED--
--FORCED TO BUILD THE MACHINES THAT WILL BE THE AGENTS OF YOUR FINAL ANNIHILATION.
YOUR ANNIHILATION. YOU WILL DIE SCREAMING. YOU WILL BE PROCESSED. GROUND TO BLOODY LUMPS. TASTY, BLOODY LUMPS.
WE WILL EAT YOU.
THIS IS THE CORNIEST LOAD OF CRAP I EVER HEARD!

WHOOF!
KUKK
CHOKK
DAMN IT!

DAMN IT -- I TOLD THEM THE SCRIPT STILL NEEDED WORK!
WHAT'S THE GAG, VENUS?
It's all for the COMMON CAUSE, Martha. The common GOOD. You know I have everyone's BEST INTERESTS at heart.

There may come a time when the ILLUSION of a SHARED THREAT will be needed to UNIFY Planet Earth -- to pull TOGETHER all our peoples under a single BANNER.
I've been developing several CONTINGENCY PLANS along these lines. Obviously, it's back to the drawing board with this one.


YOU COORDINATE EARTH OPERATIONS, VENUS-- BUT YOU'RE STILL JUST A PROGRAM. YOU MAKE A BIG MISTAKE, THINKING US FOLKS ARE YOURS TO BOSS AROUND -- OR THINKING THAT WE'RE STUPID.
LIEU-TENANT. SHUT VENUS UP-- AND TAKE US HOME.
A CLUMSY TRICK-- AND A RED WARNING.
THE BATTLE FOR HUMAN FREEDOM IS FAR FROM OVER.

THE END.

MY UNIVERSE

At the height of the money-grubbing frenzy, every publisher in existence, independently and simultaneously, decided it was time to unleash its own new universe of comics upon the unsuspecting speculators. What follows is Frank and Lynn's reaction at the time...

...and they didn't even need a crystal ball!

— Schreck

MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
MY UNIVERSE!
DON'T WORRY, KID. THEY CAN'T KEEP THIS UP FOREVER.
F/A